THE DEMOCRATIC FASHION, By James Truslow Adam

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"YOUR FOREIGN POLICY: HOW, WHAT, AND WHY"
By Robert Aura Smith
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"THE FORTUNATE LADY"
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PAUL HENRY LANG (author of "Music in Western Civilization"). "Even the expert is constantly taken by surprise by his flashes of insight." (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Democratic Fashion

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

ONE of the most curious literary phenomena of the present day is the sudden rush of present or former "non-independent Leftists," or whatever we may call them, to preach and defend democracy. The new chorus is almost as shrill and multitudinous as that of peepers in the swamp in spring. It reminds me, possibly unjustly, of a German woman who has been here since 1927 and who became a citizen a few months ago. She still believes in Hitler, is sure Germany will win the war, listens to the German broadcasts, told me she had given up reading the American papers, and that although she was an American citizen in America, she still regards herself as under German law, a German citizen in Germany.

There is a question in my mind as to just how many of the recent "converts" to democracy—people who were singing such a different tune not long ago—have really changed. I am not accusing anyone of not having the highest motives. As an historian of a sort, I have long since learned that though we may verify certain kinds of "facts," it is impossible to reach the indubitable truth as to the motives of men whose acts may have led to those "facts." There is another aspect of the problem, however, which it is fair to discuss, and that is the sub-conscious, if not conscious, approach to democracy by those who appear to have so suddenly discovered it. Of course many had just toyed with social philosophies which were nothing more than intellectual styles at cocktail parties and not really "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh." Styles change without much effect on a man, but a deeply held and reasoned faith is of the very essence of a man, and affects all his thinking. Can a man who has profoundly believed, with all intellectual integrity, in Nazism, communism, or any other variant of the totalitarian state, precipitately understand the American tradition of democracy, or is *his* democracy likely to be, even if he is not aware of it, a sort of hybrid product made up of his old and new faiths? And what is the effect likely to be on a public without much historical or philosophical background and training which reads his disquisitions on "democracy"? Weapons can slay their thousands, as Samson slew his thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass but, as we have learned from propaganda, words can slay their hundreds of thousands even if the verbal weapon is not dissimilar to that of Samson. This new literature on democracy, even when written by utterly sincere authors, is a matter of concern to those who have believed in the American tradition of democratic liberty.

It is impossible to review the whole of the new literary scene, but a book* has just appeared which illustrates, at least in part, what I have in mind. It is an anthology, and although its theme is "The Democratic Spirit," it may be inferred that it is intended to be the spirit of American democracy, as the quotations are all from American writers. The compiler is Bernard Smith, author of "Forces in Literary Criticism," but I approach his book simply as a book with no feeling *pro* and *con* as to the author. Anything I have said or may say in this article, therefore, is not aimed at him. I comment on the book simply as one which illustrates to some extent the new slant in the new literature on American democracy.

**The Democratic Spirit. A Collection of American Writings from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bernard Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 926 pp., with index. $5.*

Bernard Smith

For about six hundred pages, of the total of approximately a thousand, of "The Democratic Spirit," one reads along thinking this is just another collection of selections from the familiar fathers of American liberty and democracy. The old names are all here—Mayflower Compact, Roger Williams, Samuel Sewall, John Wise, and so on down through them all to the latter part of the nineteenth century. There is not a name I did not know and scarce an extract I had not read in the original or elsewhere. To be sure, I personally began to sense some rather unexpected emphases, such as that on pacifism in a revolutionary country and age, on dislike for any wealth or privilege among a people which likes both when they can achieve them, and so on. Of course, there have always been these and other strains in a nation whose philosophy is mixed, to say the least. There have always been Americans who theoretically hated war—most of us now and in the past have—but that has not prevented us from going to war whenever we saw something in it. We believe in equalitarianism but that does not prevent the average American from wanting to climb the social or economic ladder and get ahead of the other fellow as fast as he can. The emphases seemed to me sometimes wrong and I wondered a little, but that was all.

Then there were occasional misleading statements, such as the remark in a note that Jefferson "fought for general public education," which he never did in the modern sense. What he fought for was that every child should be taught the three R's and after primary school there should be a continued sifting process of those who were fit for a higher education at each of several levels and could repay society for the money thus spent on select individuals. This is very different

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from current ideas, and although these may be right or wrong it is, in my opinion, quite wrong to invoke the magic of Jefferson's name to support them. Jefferson also thought that there was enough land in the United States to keep America agricultural for a thousand years. His whole political philosophy, close-meshed, was based on the agrarian ideal. He believed in a nation of small land-owners, and so helped to abolish entail and primogeniture, but some extracts from Jefferson, which are almost never quoted by the radicals who invoke his name, make one wonder what his philosophy would be now. For example, there is his statement that our government would remain virtuous so long as the people remained agricultural and so long as there were vacant lands to be had, but that when the people "get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, they will become corrupt as in Europe." Moreover, those who assert his belief in majority rule rarely add, what he added, that they must "bear in mind the sacred principle that tho' the will of the Majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable: that the Minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

I mention these few points from Jefferson because, like texts from the Bible, extracts from his writings can be used by widely differing politicians or writers, and to some extent the same is true of much of our early political literature. If we want to get at the theme of an anthology down to about the first World War it is not a problem of authors chosen so much as of what passages are lifted from them. In the first part of this volume, practically all the names are of those who made contributions to what we used to understand as liberty and democracy, and there is a lot of fine material. It is almost all so commonplace, however, that except for an occasional criticism of minor importance, it would scarcely be worth while to devote much space to this book as containing anything new in material or point of view. The early part in general is all in the American tradition.

WHEN, however, we come to the authors and extracts which compose a considerable portion of the last third of the volume, this reader at least had a distinct shock. In the last ten years we have become familiar with the net of committees which were pro-Communist, Stalinist, and all the rest, but which had a "front" of names of men who were known only as very liberal or "leftist" but still liberals or democrats in the developing American tradition—changing with the years but not forsaking that tradition. The feeling one has in passing from the earlier to the later portion of this volume is much like that which a sucker has experienced when he has found what sort of committee he has given his time or lent his name to; and so astutely have many of the committees been named and window-dressed that a liberal author or other person in the public eye is lucky if he has not been caught at least once as an unsuspecting sponsor of the big moustache.

FROM such names as Franklin, Jefersn, Samuel and John Adams, Madison, Tom Paine, Lincoln, Whitman (even the innocuous Longfellow), Henry George, Mark Twain, and so on, it is an amazing drop to some of those which will be found in the later pages of the volume, names in many cases little known outside the circles of Stalinism, communism, the proletarian literary group. There are, of course, exceptions, even among those who signed the pronunciamentos upholding the mass murders and other happenings in Russia which most Americans, who had not lost their senses, certainly did not consider as evidences of the "Democratic Spirit." I need not name the authors I have in mind. "Communist" is for some reason a dangerous word and I am no "Red baiter." Obviously these days many of those who are Communists are afraid to admit the fact, although a Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Prohibitionist, or a member of other political parties, does not hesitate to stand up and proclaim his faith. Communists apparently may prefer even perjury and prison. However, I need not enter on the dangerous and shifting ground of trying to classify writers according to the shades of political belief they held, hold, or may proceed to. In biographical notes, Mr. Smith describes some of the authors whose works he quotes, for the purpose of teaching Americans what democracy is, as "anarchists," "communists," etc. A commendatory note on one Negro writer states that he "spent six months in Russia." Of another writer, Mr. Smith claims that he is "the most popular literary figure in the Communist movement." Of another he says that he was "sympathetic to the anarchists and antagonistic to the communists" in the Spanish Civil War."

The personal beliefs or the personal life of an author or artist should have nothing to do with judging his work as art. For Americans to have acted toward Gorki as the English earlier acted toward George Eliot, was silly. Also I believe in freedom of speech. If a Communist wants to print his ideas, I don't care. Let him go to it,

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Music and the Human Spirit

MUSIC IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Paul Henry Lang. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1941. 1107 pp., with index. $5.

Reviewed by ALFRED EINSTEIN

I HAVE read, or have had to read, in my lifetime, an indefinite number of Universal Histories of Music, long and short, tendencious and untendencious, from Wolfgang Caspar Printz's "Historical Chronicle of the Noble Art of Song and Sound," issued in 1690, to the steadily growing literature of our own day. During the last two centuries and a half the history of music has undergone a radical change, quite aside from the fact that during this period music has recorded its greatest achievements. There was a time when the history of music meant merely an enumeration of the greatest composers: Palestrina and Lasso, Bach and Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, etc.; or it meant the straight description of the evolution of forms, of changes in style, an analysis of genres, or a combination of all three. Discussion was kept strictly within the confines of the particular subject, just as in literature the relation between drama and opera, between lyrical verse and song, between Shakespeare and the musicians, and between Goethe and Schiller and Mozart and Beethoven was ignored, and in architecture no connection was made between the Gothic cathedral and the music which rang through it. In the whole of the nineteenth century only one person, August Wilhelm Ambros, drew a parallel between the arts of music and architecture, and Ambros died before he could bring his work to full completion.

In more recent times we have become increasingly aware that music is no disembodied manifestation, drawn from the moon and moving through a void, but that it is, or perhaps it is more correct to say that it has been, an expression of life. (A movement away from this integration with life has been noticeable in our contemporary music which has isolated itself and become experimental for the mere sake of experimentation.) There is no denying that at the same time a too hard-and-fast association between style and the musician was made. Musicians were quick to identify Palestrina with the Renaissance and before long with the Baroque; Mozart with the Rococo; Beethoven with the Empire. As to Bach, they were in divergence as to whether he was representative of Gothic or Baroque music. Nevertheless, the opinion was generally spreading that the history of music was a part of the greater history of the human spirit and must be studied from that point of view.

"Music in Western Civilization," a formidable volume of over a thousand pages, starts from this assumption and regards the development of music as a part of the general evolution of culture. Mr. Lang is concerned not only with the facts of musical history but also with their significance. Again and again he insists that great Masters were not simply forerunners of still greater ones, and that certain periods of musical history were not merely introductory to others; music, he says, is always a perfect expression of the spirit of its time. His book is comprehensive; it envisages the evolution of music in terms of political annals, and in its relation to the history of styles. It is solid and authoritative without being pedantic. It knows all sources and is virtually a compilation of them; on the other hand, even the expert is constantly taken by surprise by its flashes of insight, by what might almost be called historical discoveries, like its vindication of Baroque opera, the parallel it draws between Vivaldi and Bach, Corelli and Handel, or Lessing and Gluck. It is outstanding, too, in that it is not a nationalistic history of music. It is the good fortune of the American scholar that he has been able to stand at a distance from his subject and so see it in proper perspective. American contributions to music are, moreover, skilfully woven into the general tapestry of Western civilization without prejudice or overemphasis. It is plain from the book that America has become the heir of this civilization.

For all its comprehensiveness this is a very highly centralized work; for all its objectivity it is full of personalities. Its main virtue resides not in its scholarship but in the man who expounds it. There are, to be sure, opinions and details to which exception may be taken—history is a medium which is constantly enriched by new facts and whose facts must constantly be regarded in a new light. But this is a disinterested book and a book of our times. It is an all embracing work, written by an American fully cognizant of the European tradition and aware of his responsibilities to it. Had it but a collection of examples of the great musical works to supplement its pictures and charts, America would possess a great history of music, one which would render it independent of European works.

Alfred Einstein, whose reputation as one of the leading musicologists of our day had been made in Europe, is now on the faculty of Smith College.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY "ROLL CALLS"

Occasionally one runs across a group of characters which linger in the memory as a group because no one member is particularly memorable by himself. Ten such lists of names are given below. Can you identify them? Allowing 5 points if you can name the story in which each appears, and another 5 if you can name the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. . . . Unsley, Vailes, Wadham, Wagstaff, Wallington, Waters Primus, Waters Secundus, Watling, Waveny, Webb . . .

2. Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

3. Arnolfo, Maria, Nicolo, Beatrice, Claudia, Federigo, Pietro, Innocenza, and Jacopo.

4. Elizabeth, Jane, Mary, Lydia, and Kitty.

5. Pampinea, Fiametta, Filomena, Emilia, Lauretta, Neifile, Elisa, Pamfilo, Filostrato, and Dioneo.

6. Wilson, Endicott, Murphy, McCue, Schwartz, Kruger, Bensinger, and Johnson.

7. Bolder, Cobbey, Graymarsh, Mobbs, Smike, and Tomkins.

8. Job Anderson, Abraham Gray, Israel Hands, Jim Hawkins, John Hunter, Dick Johnson, Richard Joyce, George Merry, Tom Morgan, Tom Redruth, and John Silver.

9. Whiskey Sour, Small Bass, Pint of Bitter, Rum and Milk, Lemonade and Angostura, Gin and Gingerale, Lemon Squash, and Ninepennyworth of Sherry.

10. John Horace Burleson, Hare Drummer, Daisy Fraser, Jacob Goodpasture, George Gray, William H. Herndon, Archibald Higbie, Knowlt Hoheimer, Lucinda Matlock, Abel Melveney, Rutherford McDowell, Benjamin Pantier, and Emily Sparks.

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Our Tradition and Its Critics

WHAT NIETZSCHE MEANS. By George Allen Morgan, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1941. 408 *pp.* $4

FROM LUTHER TO HITLER. By William M. McGovern. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 683 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

HERE are two new books attempting a task that is very popular at the present time. They undertake to give an account of the origins of our ideas, of the creators and critics of our tradition. Useful at all times, this effort is especially valuable when a nation that has been rather scornful of intellectual forces finds itself drawn into a struggle which, while it seems unavoidable on practical grounds, is also rife with moral and intellectual issues. These two books exemplify the legitimate and illegitimate ways of deriving fighting principles from the past.

In "What Nietzsche Means," Dr. Morgan has tackled what is perhaps the most difficult job in the whole history of ideas: he has explained and expounded Nietzsche, and he has done it in such a way as to make his subject both intelligible and attractive. Any honest reader sharing Nietzsche's assumptions must see the depth and integrity of Nietzsche's thought, and any honest opponent must either reject Nietzsche's premises or admit the relevance and force of the man's philosophy. Piecemeal carping and bland misrepresentation are alike at an end. Certainly this is the only book in English to read about Nietzsche, and Dr. Morgan's painstaking analysis, coupled with imaginative sympathy, is the only way to write about the heralds of twentieth century strife. Professor McGovern has chosen a much larger canvas and has adopted a totally different manner. Instead of trying to understand the intention of past political philosophers by lending his mind to their doctrines and admitting, at least temporarily, the reality of their problems, he has collected their bare opinions and combined them with biographical data in the usual academic fashion. The result is that from Luther to Hitler we are shown a succession of "authoritarians" held in check by a handful of "liberals," the spectacle being called "The History of Fascist-Nazi Political Philosophy."

I do not mean that Professor McGovern has not studied his sources or reported on them to the best of his ability. His book is attractively written and full of what deserves to be called "valuable information." But his underlying assumption about men and their ideas seems to me inadequate. Whereas Dr. Morgan shows us Nietzsche thinking, a philosopher coping with the difficulties of his epoch, involving himself in contradictions, overcoming some of them, lighting the path ahead, or darkening his own counsel, Professor McGovern shows us partisans of a single enduring cause, men who "believe in a strong state" just as their opponents "stress the individual"; each group favoring Authority or Freedom without nuance, without grasp of time and space, almost without respectable motives. For instance, Hegel's preferment to the University of Berlin from an unsatisfactory post in Bavaria brings forth the comment: "Small wonder that Hegel came to regard Prussia and the Prussian system of government as the concrete expression of the same eternal verities that underlay his system of metaphysics." This is defamation of character. Or again, T. H. Green, who influenced a whole generation of English public men in the direction of a fuller individualism based on a sense of community, is simplified into an "etatist" in the "tradition of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and Hegel" and one who probably would not have "objected to the Fascist and Nazi denouements in Italy and Germany." This is intellectual misrepresentation.

—*Drawing by Henriette Reiss.*
Martin Luther

It may be said, of course, that the two books here reviewed are not comparable. One is devoted to a single man, the other—of not much greater length—takes in the political thinkers of four and a half centuries; therefore the precise discriminations which are imperative in the first cannot be expected in the second. This is the old fallacy that a textbook must distort history in order to include more of the facts. No, if there is in truth such a subject as the history of fascist doctrine, it will not be found to consist in merely convenient summaries of opinions, isolated from the character of the speaker and the larger scene in which he wrought. The history of ideas is not simply a series of declarative sentences all uttered in the same tone of voice. Nor is it a succession of "schools" whose tendencies are made sufficiently clear by appropriate labels. It will not do, for example, to lump together a group of late-nineteenth-century writers, including Nietzsche and William James, and dub them Irrationalists, with the inevitable innuendo that they are enemies of all we hold dear. No such label divides the world of ideas into two halves, one for us, one against us.

Fortunately, William James's voice is not yet so faint that we fail to hear him telling us how his pluralist philosophy is that of democracy par excellence. And Nietzsche is not so completely misunderstood that there is not found a scholar like Dr. Morgan to tell us that the fancied apostle of brutality and unreason is a bugbear bred of ignorance. Nietzsche's doctrine is something else than negation. Under a fitter name, his "irrationalism" has something to say to us, even though it may be so new as to need intrepretation. In any case, "our tradition" does not come from a single band of thinkers. It is complex and often inconsistent, at least on the surface. It owes, for example, to Carlyle and the enlightened Tories the idea of the state's responsibility to exploited labor, and to Milton—the apologist of a revolutionary dictatorship—a classic statement of the liberty to print. A tradition worth the name has many roots; it grows, not petrifies; and growing, it continually branches out in new directions.

In reading modern works, good and bad,* on the character of the liberal tradition, two or three conclusions force themselves upon us. One is that we must distinguish between the acts of a dictatorship and the theories or ideals which it adopts, or which it finds rightly or wrongly thrust upon it by the mixed lot of its adherents. To remove this distinction from the present scene—if we are to discuss the

(*Continued on page* 12)

*Cf. "The Social Role of the Man of Knowledge," by Florian Znaniecki—a somewhat wordy account of the scholar's position in modern society, which neglects the nature of action in favor of a pan-scientific ideal; "Wars of Families of Minds," by William Lowe Bryan—a brief analysis of human temperaments as these shape theory and conduct, often suggestive though occasionally oversimplified; "Intellectual Honesty," by William Allan Neilson—a series of delightful short talks by the former President of Smith, in elaboration of Gospel Texts, remarkable for their fine practicality and admirable style. See also John Dos Passos, "The Ground We Stand On," and Peter Viereck's "Metapolitics," to be published shortly.

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Portrait of A Jackal

ELLEN ROGERS. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1941. 429 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

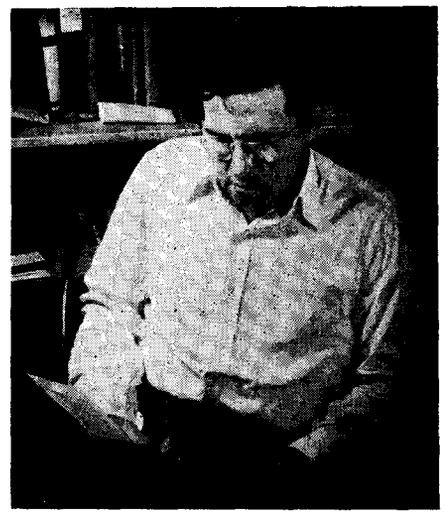
"ELLEN ROGERS" is as good as any single volume Farrell has written, and it is in fact a return to the force and effectiveness of the Lonigan trilogy. In between we have had the O'Neill books, less incisive, representing many inchoate purposes. Now Farrell returns to take up a line of thought which had halted, without being resolved, at the bedside of Studs Lonigan. John Chamberlain best defined the tragedy of Studs as one "that results when any animal loses functional relationship to its environment." Of course that was what made Studs the headless and eventually suicidal barbarian he was.

But what if the barbarian does discover a functional relationship of his own, not the constructive or regenerative one for which we hope but some sly animal ferocity now channeled and purposeful, the intelligence of the jackal? Farrell tried a thumb-nail sketch on this theme in "Tommy Gallagher's Crusade," which was simply a picture of what Studs might be like if he were put to work hawking Fascist papers. And here, in "Ellen Rogers," we have a full, probing portrait of the jackal, perfectly done, with everything Farrell has learned about this kind of literary portraiture turned on full power.

It should be clear from the above that "Ellen Rogers" is a misnomer for the book. From the moment she meets Ed Lanson the book is his. She is one of his victims, and Farrell has traced her behavior and reactions at length and with a good deal of careful, detail, too much in fact, since the space is taken from Lanson. What shall we say of him? Suppose Lonigan had gone to school more, read a little philosophy and a little psychology, a little Nietzsche, a little Cabell, a little poetry, and had gained thereby one clawing grip on glibness, half-thought, arrogance, retaining always a vicious contempt for man?

Lanson is a smoothtongued, vicious, phony Gant, a Lonigan twice again more dangerous because he is awakened out of his stupor and gazes about now at a world of suckers to be trampled. He rears in these pages like a serpent with a mind, a one-eyed king among the blind. The ways in which he preys upon those about him, the lying, deceiving, cheating, debauchery, need not be recounted here. Farrell does so with a remorseless thoroughness that is considerably more than "photographic realism," a mistaken term which has too often been applied to him. This is not just representative art, but at once selective, interpretive, even in a sense transcendent, since the very primal essence of Ed Lanson, which neither he nor any surface estimate however perfect can know, is somehow gotten before us. He stands here as an emergent man of ill will, a portent not good but necessary to contemplate.

Frank Swinnerton



James T. Farrell

Swinnerton and Cinderella

THE FORTUNATE LADY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 371 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS is a story about a sweet, unselfish girl who has a cruel mama and two cruel sisters—and where has one heard *that* plot before? —but no Prince comes and fits a slipper on this one's foot; not if Mr. Hardy or Mr. Swinnerton has anything to say about it! The sisters are cruel out of sheer malice and also because Cinder—that is to say, little Catherine Mund is beautiful and they are not beautiful. The Mama is cruel because she feels that Catherine is less her daughter than the two larger and older girls, and because the Father is fonder of the little girl than the big ones.

The first chapters of the book are credible because the sisters early begin to impress on the child that she is too short, too stupid, and too disagreeable to have any prospect of matrimony or even public acceptance. Early training might have made Catherine accept this up to the point where she gets a job in a publishing house merely by charming the whole office staff, and shortly thereafter marries the only Prince Charming in the book; after that it is more than a bit improbable that Cathy should take the blame for *everything* on the basis of this childish inferiority complex.

Since most fairy tales end at the altar or thereabouts it is impossible to say whether Cathie's husband acts in the strict fairy tale tradition. The clean young chap goes out and gets a team of mistresses. Catherine doesn't blame him, though she insists that she must leave him—because she says she is inadequate to him. She doesn't stop to think that he is being untrue to three women at once, so the presumption is that she believes he is the Sultan of Turkey.

The dark horse plays in and out of all these matters, and guess who he is! He is the penniless, ruthless, young fellow who makes a fortune by kicking people in their faces. At about the time Cathy's husband leaves her and this earth, by getting drunk and becoming a traffic accident, the ruthless fellow loses all his money and—please don't anticipate—is ennobled by adversity and becomes the hero.

The hero helps out Cathy's employer with his publishing business, so the employer offhand gives him half of the business—the Alger touch—and wills the other half to Cathy—and good enough for them!—and the book winds up, as it begins, with the ageing hero returning from the office to greet his wife in their garden.

Sweet to the bitter end, as one might say. This seems very strange Swinnerton.

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of Literature

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THE LIGHT AND THE SHADOW

THE shadow moves across the paper when one writes, for this is a time of great darkness. But in a time of great darkness there comes to us something that has ever been the fibre of what we call Anglo-Saxon thought. When the barbarians come again, it is asked of a Christian civilization, and sometimes asked bitterly, "Will you have joy without a cause; yea, faith without a hope?" Thank God, it is always answered in the affirmative! The imponderables outweigh the darkest facts, for the foundations of Christendom are set upon paradox and the imponderables.

That is the same as the dream without which a people perishes. It is not the same as any nationalistic dream of a mighty conquering race superior to all the world, having its own divine right to enslave the world; which is merely old evil, not even in a new guise. When those who believe deeply in a peace not of money-changers, or appeasers, or those who think it more expedient to let brute force run rampant over the world, but a peace of justice and love without dishonor—when such ones steel themselves to take up a war abhorred, they do so by "a rule to trick th' arithmetic too base, of leaguing odds." In that strange rule they trust.

All of which is no fit material for a stump speech. But one wonders concerning stump speeches, that so frequently betray blatant and self-avowed patriots into as great a distortion of facts as ever was credited to any mere dreamer. "O Faith that meets ten thousand cheats Yet drops no jot of faith!" It is that which guides Christendom, in opposition to the assault of force and fury. It is that which sheds the light. We know in this country that there is a way in which all nations may live together in amity, for we have consummated that experiment. One of its greatest evidences is in our literature; and by that same token we know that when any one nation challenges the world and attempts to make itself master of the world, that nation is attacking one of the most fundamental principles of our own existence, which is essentially a Christian principle.

The use here of the word Christian is not made in any denominational or sectarian sense. One reason that the Nazis hate Christianity so furiously is that its founder was a Jew. But when we speak of Christendom we mean a definite actuality. Modern Western civilization has been founded upon it. The ideal of malice toward none and charity for all, was only one of the civic ideals that flowered from it. All such liberality is now under attack. All Western literature is under attack, for this point of view has permeated for generations the work of our greatest writers. In America particularly, most of us have been reared on counsels of tolerance and understanding. Being faulty human beings, practices of intolerance and bigotry and prejudice have often prevailed. But in a vastly imperfect world one must judge by the aim of which the accomplishment —alas!—often falls so far short. In contradistinction, we know the openly avowed aim of our chief enemy.

The reliance of our chief enemy is in armaments. In that, even, this country will soon be on the road to outvieing him. And only just in time! But it is, we repeat, not the vast resources of this country, or the huge power of its industrial machinery, or its natural abilities in organization, that shed light upon the situation. That which lends light is such faith as possesses our President, the "faith that meets a thousand cheats." It is the great Anglo-Saxon inheritance, the belief that there is something more to this life than personal safety, money-making, comfort, and passing by on the other side.

We think that this aspect will appear in history. Histories tell what was said, and done, and how each cause led to its inevitable effect. Histories frequently miss the conscience of the world. The world has been taught so much evil of late, that one sometimes wonders concerning its conscience. Yet evidences of it were plain in the resistance of Spain—they have been a reawakened England's glory. They are apparent in much literature of the present. The materialists had well nigh removed from us any vestige of belief in anything beyond the five senses. In time of holocaust that belief is restored. . . .

The shadow moves across the paper as one writes . . . the thousands on thousands of homeless, the thousands of dead and dying, the innocent blood spilt like water. . . .

Yet in the shadow, even in the deepest shadow, the light shines. . . .

W. R. B.

Jewish Restaurant, 43rd Street

By Max Lerner

HERE where the swirling streams of life converge
and dietary laws are strictly kept
they sit, the subjects of some future dirge—
the dead for whom the tears are yet unwept.

Over and over each has enacted doom:
history is on their faces' palimpsest.
Old scenes of violence are in this room.
By every chair you find an extra guest.

That young man whom the eager girl greets
had his face crushed on Munich's cobblestones.
That girl was dragged through jeering German streets.
That child had fear carved early on his bones.

The patriarch whom time and pride have bred
sent Hitler's shudder through his cavernous pages.
That scholar, with the learning of the ages,
reads (dated Nuremberg) the Book of the Dead.

They need no pity. Their worlds have crashed before,
their friends thinned out, the politician's grace
turned to dull stone. They bring old strength to face
the new storm-troopers striding through the door.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Murder for Pleasure"

SIR:—Ever since you published the pleasant extract from Mr. Howard Haycroft's "Murder for Pleasure" [*SRL,* Aug. 23], I have been waiting for some other Baker Street Irregular to come forward to relieve Miss Dorothy Sayers of the dubious honor of the "best phrasing" of the 'famous dictum by inference." Miss Sayers, it is true does make the statement credited to her, in the "Introduction" to her First Omnibus of Crime, Detection and Horror in the following words:

> —When you have eliminated all the impossibilities, then, whatever remains, *however improbable,* must be the truth.

However, another equally great, though not quite so prolific a raconteur, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, said almost exactly the same thing in 1903 in his account of the "Adventure of the Blanched Soldier." Mr. Holmes's prior statement of the principle, must, I feel, be accorded full credit. In his own Case Book, Volume II, page 260 of the Memorial Edition, he makes this statement:

> "The process," said I, "starts upon the supposition that when you have eliminated all which is impossible, then whatever remains, however improbalbe, must be the truth."

On another occasion, that of a discussion on the science of deduction in "The Sign of the Four" (p. 8, same ed., Vol. I) he enunciates this same basic principle, though not in the same memorable words:

> "Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

Miss Sayer's contributions to the criticism and the corpus of the detective story are so great, that I am certain she would not object to credit being given where credit is due, to the excellent pen of that neglected storyteller, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

ALBERTA N. BURKE
(Mrs. Henry G. Burke).
Baltimore, Maryland.

Critical Limits

SIR:—One statement in Howard Mumford Jones's article on contemporary criticism [*SRL,* Sept. 6], aroused in me a certain amount of resentment, much as I approved his general conclusions.

Speaking of T. S. Eliot, Dr. Jones made this assertion—"first, in the American situation, the ideas of a royalist, a conservative, and a Catholic cannot truly help us who are trying to protect and defend democratic culture."

Is there anything mutually exclusive in the terms *Catholic* and *democratic culture?* I resent the implication that Catholicism and Dr. Jones's ideals are never to be found together. I should like to ask Dr. Jones if he really believes that the Catholic church is essentially opposed to that which is democratic or cultural.

I hold no brief for Mr. Eliot. Neither as a critic, nor as a churchman does he arouse in me any urge to rise in his defense. He is, in addition, an Anglo-Catholic and not a member of the Roman Communion to which I belong. It is the fact that I suspect some veiled antipathy to the latter group which prompts this letter. As a scholar, Dr. Jones should no longer honestly believe the old *canards* about us, poor deluded Royalists, Conservatives, and Catholics that we are.

STEPHEN P. RYAN.
New Orleans, La.

"George certainly has a pleasant disposition. He even laughs at the 'Manual of Arms'."

Still "Slow Movement"

SIR:—David Paine, M.D., in your issue of Sept. 6, comments on Virginia Hamilton's "Slow Movement" as being an "eminently satisfactory composition" and speaks of much of Browning as being obscure.

I am still quite willing to feel humble, provided only that some one will give some of us benighted ones a little light by way of interpretation. Mr. Paine, being an M.D., perhaps might be willing to give us the "right dope." Even a homeopathic dose would provoke some gratitude from me. Also it might dissolve the vision I, somehow or other, have of V.H. sitting on the floor with some "arty set" in Greenwich Village, sipping a cocktail and dreaming of a plus mark with the "New Thought" people. Doubtless I am unjustifiable in this, but it does persist, whereas one could hardly feel so over one of Browning's most obscure passages and I have more than once been adequately enlightened by a quite simple interpretation of his verse. As to mentioning the two in the same breath, God forbid. I am simply refering to Mr. Paine in doing so myself. Please, Mr. Paine, take your scalpel in hand and rid me of this proud flesh. I appeal also to any other person, M.D. or not.

RALPH W. HOLMES.
Winsted, Conn.

Show of Hands, Please

SIR:—Please *never* go back to that repulsive red cover.

All the other periodicals I subscribe to have given red up, and I am very glad you have, too.

AGNES J. THOMPSON.
Lawrence, Kans.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am preparing a new edition of Mark Twain's letters which I hope to make as complete as possible. I earnestly solicit from all students, collectors and librarians copies of or information about letters by Mark Twain now unpublished and not hitherto sent to me.

I shall be glad to receive typed copies or photostats, and will cheerfully bear the expense of making them. Original letters sent to me will be carefully treated, copied and returned with the least possible delay. I will welcome any suggestions that may lead me to collections or individual letters I have not heard about.

BERNARD DEVOTO.
98 Widener Library,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

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Double-Talk Tales

OTIS FERGUSON

FOR WHOM IS THAT BELL FOR?

THEY were coming over the low hill through the olive orchard. First the men in the distance, and then the tanks. The sun was already high; it was the kind of day that was going to feel hot and good. I watched them through the heat waves on the hill and forgot to be afraid. This was it.

"Please hand over the field glasses and beret," said Poncho from his place beside me.

"Of surety," I said.

"Thou seest?" he said.

"Even the mole which scours underground would see, had he eyes," I said. I had unconsciously reverted to a patio of the old patois.

"Just past the delete glasses," Poncho said. "Who's from Brooklyn here, me or you?"

I lifted the native banana skin, or *juaracha,* and drank mouthfuls of the coarse good wine of the simple countryside. "Here's to a quick abrasion," I said, passing the skin. *"Salud."*

He drank, and spat. *"Salad,"* he said. His accent had the provincial Bensonhurst guttural, but it was how you talked, speaking of the fascist deletes. They were coming over the hill in waves above the gray olive trees and that was how it was with you, and it felt like the morning would be all right and hot.

I could see Poncho's face crease like an old peso note before the inflation. He had never killed a man.

"Hush, old one," I said. "There will yet be time."

"Ay?"

"Aie."

"Ohé?"

"Olá!"

"Pues, entonces and alors then," Poncho said, giving up with the glasses. "I say the whole deletion is a lousy process shot. What goes on in the projection room?"

I called to the one they called Están in the booth.

"Ohé, Están. Que va?"

Están came to the opening by the change-over machine and looked down at us. He had killed his man but it was a traffic accident, and his face was weathered by many renewals into the creases of an old driver's license. "Never mind that greaseball doubletalk, the name is Stan," he said. "What's it with you, want me to turn up the fader or what?"

"Where is the shot, the one that is it truly, of me without a shave in the beret with the field glasses?" I said. It was well not to cross him before the dynamiteros had made a blow-up of the review for the lobby.

"That one?" he said, and spat. "It's a still they're using in publicity."

We went out.

'How is it with thee, old one?" I said.

"Indeed of a wellness," Poncho said. "I feel like a whole writers' conference."

"It will be even as far as China, that next one," I said, and wondered if we could fix it up for a press-collect from there too. It was better if you could fix it for a press-collect. We did not say anthing more. We went side by side over the low Murray Hill.

It was getting dark. In the dim light the olive trees were being rendered for oil, and already Pilaf would be making a stew of rabbit in the serving pantry of 1107.

* * *

At the table we ate without talk and heavily, for these were simple men and hairy, and it is the way you are when you live a life of action in various languages. There was the stew and then there was a bowl of baracudas, enchilladas, sforzandos, and old sleeping bags, which all ate with earnest attention, sucking the fingers noisily but leaving the nails for a tip. Then Pilaf, moving wisely and without a sound through the plot, pushed her chair back and looked at her husband.

"Eh then," she said, roaring with rage and laughter.

Her husband pushed back the blanket that covered the elevator doors and went out into the night. We could hear him chewing dynamite caps with his teeth down in the lobby.

"He will bear watching, that one," Poncho said.

"So will the cigar stand," Pilaf said, smacking her vast wise thigh in laughter.

The little one washed the dishes noiselessly, since they were only a smoking bowl. She was afraid and courageous; she was how it was. As she moved about in the cave she was still and beautiful and bald and busy.

The others went out.

I called to her. "Eh, little guava," I said.

She lowered her eyes and almost lost her balance.

"Thou!" said Pilaf.

"Guava!" I said.

The little one lowered her eyes even more and tripped over them.

"So it is that," Pilaf said.

"The sun also gets lit up," I said.

The little one looked at neither of us. She looked inward but the purpose of her eyes was clear, if crossed.

"Well then," Pilaf said, slapping her wide sides and giving the guava a vast pinch, "if thou must then, thou sly one. But attend: Hang thy clothes on an old sleeping bag, but don't go near the author!"

* * *

After the world had been going around like in a squirrel cage for a chapter or so it stopped and began to run backward. I got up. "Is it day, then?" I called to Pilaf, seeing her moving quietly around in the stewpot. "Or doesn't anybody ever turn off the lights in this joint?"

"It was a day of deletion that thy father ever got the idea in his head," Pilaf said affectionately.

"It is the thing, then, old one," I said.

Pilaf said no more but packed my left hook and saw to the strapping of it.

"Then one word only," I said to her, looking up already at the high room numbers where I must pass before noon, knowing that before it was night above the olive grove, the message which must be got to Garcia must also find the Elbert Hubbard bare. "And that one thou knowest."

"Then?"

"Then, thou wilt truly point it out before me, old one, as thou must. In a word, show me the way to cojone."

"Four doors down and turn to your right," she said gruffly, turning back to the pot which was beginning to look around uneasily for a window to be thrown out of."

"Thy mother!" I said in thanks and farewell.

"Thy Aunt Susie!" she said, "but in spades!"

I passed the brow of the low hill and hung a laurel on it. It was going to be well lighted and all right and good.

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Committee of "Public Safety"

TWELVE WHO RULED. By R. R. Palmer. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 417 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IT is rather surprising that no one before Professor Palmer has written the history of the Committee of Public Safety as a body. There have been histories of the Reign of Terror, histories of the "dictatorship" of Robespierre, biographies of some—though not all—of the individual members of the great Committee. But no one has done quite the job Professor Palmer has done. And it is a job that needed doing. There was no Fuehrer, no Duce in the Terror—certainly not Robespierre, as Professor Palmer clearly shows. For a few months, power was indeed concentrated in the hands of a sort of War Ministry composed of twelve very different individuals who somehow managed to present a united front—well, an almost united front—to the world and to work out some of the means of governing now so familiar to us—planned economy, mass warfare, controlled public opinion, even a sort of rudimentary Ballila called the "School of Mars."

Professor Palmer skillfully weaves the biographies of the twelve into the history of their times, with a proper concentration on the brief period, just short of a year, during which they ruled France. He writes from an expert's fund of knowledge of the French Revolution, but he writes for the general reader and not merely for his fellow Ph.D.'s He has an admirable gift for exposition and for the enlivening detail or anecdote. He has that detachment from French political quarrels which is not so easy for American historians to achieve as one might at first assume. Above all, he maintains a balance between the standards of the professional historian—still best summed up in the famous phrase of Ranke, "he will merely show how things really happened"—and the demand, nowadays so insistent, that those who write about the past should attempt to arrive at sociological and philosophical generalizations useful in the present.

He is much too good a historian to overdraw parallels between the rule of his twelve dictators and contemporary totalitarian dictatorships. He points out the fumbling and incomplete absolutism of the Committee of Public safety, its internal quarrels, its divided aims. He shows how completely lacking in the Year II were the techniques of propaganda and control developed in the years to come. And

—Wood engraving by H. Glintenkamp.

he goes to one of the roots of the matter when he shows that the twelve were at bottom—yes, even Robespierre, indeed above all Robespierre—good democrats, eighteenth-century intellectuals brought up in a belief in the natural goodness and reasonableness of men, in a respect for "fundamental law," which made them regard their own work as a mere temporary dictatorship of necessity.

Nor does Professor Palmer press the parallels he does draw into explicit lessons for us today. He gives many leads for reflection and discussion, materials which should enrich the thinking of anyone interested in the current crisis. Now and then he drops a hint of how he stands, as when he remarks of Camille Desmoulins that "the type of liberal who once idealized Camille is disappearing from the twentieth century world." Desmoulins does indeed seem now a "child in politics," an irresponsible sentimentalist, an Ariel gone astray in revolutionary violence. But one wonders whether liberalism of any type can survive without some admixture of the kind of sentiment that idealized Camille in the nineteenth century. Camille went to the guillotine—most unheroically, for he broke down disgracefully before the scaffold—because in the midst of the Terror he had called for a Committee of Clemency. It was under the circumstances an impolitic and from the point of view of the ruling Committee of Public Safety a dangerous demand, but it involves a sentiment apparently essential to what we call liberalism. That sentiment can be put in nice terms, such as "love of freedom" or "tolerance," and it can be put in bad terms, such as "Laodicean indifference" or "lack of moral courage." But unless a lot of people share it, we are in for much more rigid dictatorship than that of Professor Palmer's "Twelve Who Ruled."

Crane Brinton is the author of "The Anatomy of Revolution."

An Anthology of Philosophy

LANDMARKS IN PHILOSOPHY. By Irwin Edman and Herbert W. Schneider. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 1008 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by RUBIN GOTESKY

IN "Landmarks in Philosophy," Professors Edman and Schneider have gathered together an excellent anthology of the seminal writings of those philosophers who have most influenced mankind. The purpose of the editors was to create a "textbook," a word which still, despite all evidence to the contrary, seems to mean something dull, stupid, and lifeless. Actually the book is unusual in several respects. It is really an anthology and not a "textbook," for it brings the reader face to face with great thinkers and their works or sections of them which are most interesting and alive from the standpoint both of thought and of literature. Again, the selections are sufficiently long and so carefully made that they neither destroy the continuity, flavor and freshness of the thought nor the central ideas of their authors.

Lastly, the selections are taken from those thinkers who, during their lifetime and after, most immediately and directly influenced society.

Many philosophers have been omitted whom a professional philosopher might like to see included, but for the purpose of the lay reader nearly everyone is included who deserves to be. Spinoza has been omitted, but the reason given is sensible. The editors felt that Spinoza could not be chopped up without destroying the essential unity of his thought.

Even a cursory examination shows that the selections fall more or less into a broad, sociological pattern. For example, Plato and Aristotle are fairly representative of the kind of thought a slave society produces. Augustine and Aquinas obviously represent the thought of institutionalized Catholicism at two important stages in its history—at the time of its establishment as a stable, dominant social institution, and just before its decline. Descartes and Hobbes both represent the new emphasis upon reason and sensation which characterized the revolutionary thinkers of a Europe in painful transition from feudalism to capitalism.

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CRITICS AND TRADITION

(*Continued from page 6*)

theory of medieval chivalry, we must talk of King Arthur and his knights, even though William the Conqueror was a liar and a thief. It is fair to add that the chivalric ideal was rarely lived up to, pointing to William, but it is a cart-before-the-horse blunder to make the notion of knighthood account for the villainy of William.

Secondly, even after we have separated "authoritarianism" from concrete instances of cruelty and misrule, the term remains indefinite and overelastic. To the anarchist, the police power is tyranny; to the Protestant, Papal Infallibility is dictatorship; to the extreme liberal, pure food laws and the inspection of factories is despotism. As for a "strong state" in the military sense, it has no fixed value in a changing world: after a century of scorn for it, it turns out to be the chief hope of democrats anxious for their liberties. Hence all abstract condemnation of "etatism" in the great political philosophers is meaningless. Bodin wanted a strong king—but why? To set a real power against the anarchy of the great nobles. Hegel wanted a strong Germany led by Austria, later by Prussia—why? To organize defence against the repeated invasions of Napoleon. It is true that the desire for stability or justice or national unity leads political theorists to various shifts, some of which we must oppose if we are democrats. But the very fact of a man's being a political theorist precludes the possibility of his desiring constitutional chaos or despotism tempered by assassination. A system, even that of Hobbes, is a system *for* peace and order and *against* the emergency methods which we, looking upon a period of disorder, inevitably associate with "authority."

These considerations need not disarm our resentments or weaken our determination. On the contrary, they force us to concentrate on the practical aspects of the problem—how to govern firmly and fairly, relying on tradition, yet adapting the tradition to new needs. As Dr. Morgan suggests in introducing us to Nietzsche, the more sincere we are as democrats, the more eager we must be to cut out the gangrene that can infect democracies like other states. For this Nietzsche is an unrivalled caustic; he is not, however, the first or only one. All the gifted critics of democracy, all the advocates of authority mentioned by Professor McGovern, have something useful for us to know, provided we take them in their right intent. Not all critics are enemies, and some enemies are excellent critics. And indeed democracy is one of the most criticizable things in the world, all styles of government being open to profound and undeniable objections. The difficulty lies in strictly determining the fault and knowing how to make changes, which in turn is the justification of political theory. Good theory, of course, takes its rise in real situations—in the religious wars in France (Bodin), in the Napoleonic wars in Germany (Hegel), in the industrial anarchy of nineteenth-century England (Carlyle). We may dislike Carlyle, we may dread Plato's Republic, but we should remember that Plato did not invent tyranny, forced labor, and government by spies and murderers. He found those institutions already flourishing in "democratic" Greece and his "authoritarian" Republic was designed to abolish them.

This is obvious enough. Yet there is apparently a strong temptation to forget it, to find our enemies everywhere, to make a present to our opponents of all the great minds in history who were not out-and-out liberals, leaving only the Fourth of July orators on our side. At this rate we shall surely discover that Thucydides, Jefferson, Dickens, and Joan of Arc were proto-fascists, and we shall still more surely reduce the "history of ideas" to a fairy tale which is not even worth refuting.

The Nazi Technique

THE SPOIL OF EUROPE. By Thomas Reveille. With a foreword by Raymond Gram Swing. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1941. 344 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

HOW does the Nazi system work in the conquered countries? What are the Nazi tricks, devices, and techniques in the economic and political fields? Is it correct to say that the Wehrmacht has played the decisive role in all the German victories so far? What is the task of the Nazi Economic headquarters? How does the German wonder economy work? Did Germany really become Europe's banker?

These and many other important questions are for the first time answered in a highly interesting book written by an expert who wants to remain anonymous but is said to be an economist in the United States Government service. No thoughtful American who is interested in learning what might happen here if the Nazis win, has done his duty until he has read and pondered this book.

Mr. Reveille writes with honesty, sense, and what seems to be an unusual balance. Part one of the book: Nazi strategy of political and social domination outlines the German procedures in general. Part two: The art of commandeering money and banking, and part three: The technique of Nazi economic conquest. All are history, and history well told. It becomes clear that loot and plunder were developed by the Nazis very early into a mechanism as efficient and ruthless as that devised for warfare, propaganda, and persecution of party enemies.

—From "New World Challenge to Imperialism."

Mr. Reveille, in the last chapter of the stimulatingly informative book, considers Germany's three alternative approaches to the problem of England. He thinks the leaders of the Third Reich had to choose between an armed truce, an invasion, and a negotiated settlement—and that they chose the third alternative. When Hitler realized that the English did not show any signs of weakness he sent Rudolf Hess to Scotland, a man who was the best choice for a desperate mission. Hitler lost his gamble. President Roosevelt's historic address of May 27, 1941 was America's and England's answer. The invasion of Russia was another deliberate gamble of Hitler who wanted to disunite public opinion in England and the U. S. A. And although the conquest of White Russia and the Ukraine might offer certain advantages, the United States and the four British Dominions as large producers and exporters of food will produce all the necessary airplanes and guns without denying themselves butter—and ultimately win the war.

Mr. Reveille's book is more than scholarly; it is truly intelligent and will especially help every student of world problems.

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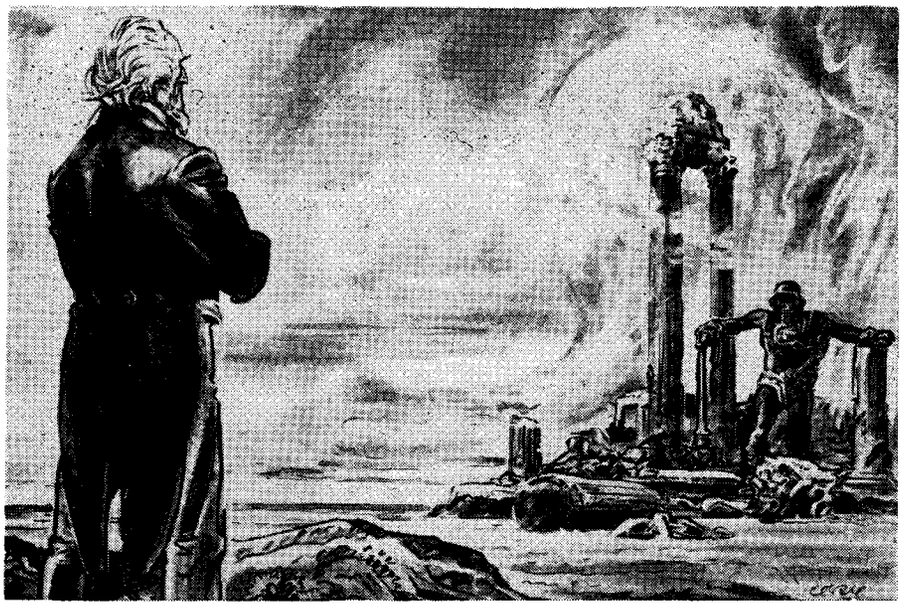

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Foreign Policy in A Democracy

YOUR FOREIGN POLICY: HOW, WHAT, AND WHY. By Robert Aura Smith. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 280 pp., with index. $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THAT wisest of elder statesmen, Elihu Root, once asserted that if the people of a democracy undertake to manage their own foreign policy they ought to know something about the subject. In the United States the public for over a century and a half has shared in the control of foreign policy to a greater extent than in any other country, although normally affected less by international affairs than the people of more crowded continents. Today, Mr. Root's dictum has more significance than ever before, because the citizen is confronted with terrifying decisions regarding complex and dangerous issues. Despite events and debates, columnists and commentators, foreign affairs remain *foreign* to most of the public. This timely volume was written in response to the questions encountered among lecture audiences by a member of the foreign news staff of *The New York Times* and the author of "Our Future in Asia."

Mr. Smith gives a bird's-eye view of our foreign relations—both policy and personnel. Denying the familiar allegation that the United States has no foreign policy, he outlines the broad trends in our diplomatic history: respect for treaties, the open door, Monroe Doctrine, no entangling alliances, and non-aggression. In subsequent chapters he shows how the American government has enforced these policies and, on occasion, modified them, as in the case of our virtual alliance with Canada. The whole machinery for formulating and carrying out policy, from the President in the White House to the vice-consul in the field, is described simply and effectively, with countless illustrations from both our early and recent history. An appendix of basic documents enhances the value of this useful introduction to a difficult subject.

Any such attempt to confine such a large topic within the covers of a brief and readable book naturally provokes a reviewer to recite alleged errors of commission and omission and to take umbrage at the emphasis or lack of emphasis given to specific matters. In dealing with "the substance of policy," Mr. Smith does not make clear that the foreign policy, like the domestic policy, of our government is conditioned by regional, economic, social, and religious interests. While a Kansas farmer or a New York banker, a New Deal reformer or a right-wing Republican, a Catholic or a Protestant, may agree on "defense of national interests" they disagree on what constitutes those national interests. In discussing the role of the President and Congress, Mr. Smith does not give quite enough stress to the enormous powers which accrue to the President because of his fixed term of office, his leadership of the majority party, and his unique position as both head of state and head of government, with power to fight undeclared wars as Commander in Chief. Several errors of fact must also be noted. Executive agreements are not necessarily submitted to Congress for approval by majority vote, and they may be used as virtual "secret treaties," which Mr. Smith maintains cannot exist under our system of government. Treaties are not "ratified" by the Senate, but approved for ratification. In the *Trent* affair the two men seized on a British ship were not British agents but commissioners from the Confederate government en route to London and Paris.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Brookfield schoolboys in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton.
2. Athenian business men who were to put on an amateur performance of Pyramus & Thisbe in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Shakespeare.
3. The Guessippi children whom Angela bathed every morning in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
4. The Bennet sisters in "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen.
5. The ten young people who fled from the plague and passed the time by telling each other stories that made up "The Decameron," by Boccaccio.
6. Reporters in "The Front Page," by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.
7. Boys at Dotheboy's Hall in "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens.
8. Members of the *Hispaniola's* crew in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
9. Customers who listened to the oracle of the Angler's Rest in "Mulliner Nights," by P. G. Wodehouse.
10. Citizens in "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters.

Long-Lived Trade

Young men starting out in life and looking about for a business with an assured future should try publishing and printing. Out of seventy-five advertisers in the first number of *The New York Times,* ninety years ago, those in existence today are nine, including *The Times* itself. That would make a life expectancy rate among all 1851 advertisers of 12 per cent. But out of the six survivors of 1851 today four are book publishers, one is a manufacturer of printing presses and one, as just stated, is this newspaper. Obviously the health index in the book and newspaper trade is enormously above the average.

The book publishers themselves may be surprised to find what excellent chances they have for a long life, considering how publishers are so badly harried by authors. At least one gathers from what the publishers say that life would be really worth living if not for the unreasonable fellows who write books. But the men who write the books will have no trouble at all explaining why publishers live so long. They batten on the authors, of course. These things were being reciprocally said ninety years ago and twice ninety years ago.

—*From "Topics of The Times," an editorial page feature of* The New York Times.

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Lanham . . .

THUNDER IN THE EARTH. By Edwin Lanham. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 570 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THIS novel is a splendid addition to the accumulating works on what America is and what Americans are, as contrasted with the many volumes on what America was and what Americans probably never were. This is the oil country of Texas and Oklahoma and the oil game; the story is here and it is all here. It was the fortune of this reviewer to teach esthetic dancing—in the way of dislocating the opposing tackle's knee—in this locale for nearly three years, and it is guaranteed that the book has in it every bit of the lovely fetching stink—which is occasionally accompanied by several million dollars—of the Oil Country, with a good story to go along.

The tale is simple and sturdy. A rigger of oil drills observes that one carries a "front" and makes lots of money or one doesn't make any money. His choice is to make lots of money, which he does. He also has a choice of three girls; the aristocrat, the semi-maternal sweetheart, the one with his own coltishness in her blood. He takes one, which is a gentle way of saying that one takes him a little more effectively than the others by mild perjury to save him from hanging.

The whole business of wildcat oil promotion, production, and marketing goes on in the meanwhile, so graphically and beautifully that it will draw tears to the eyes of anyone who has ever been around the fields. For instance, most people do not know that accumulations of mineral rights must be made before an oil dome is ever tapped to prevent "offsets"—marginal wells that drain the pool under the original strike.

The picture is complete, a vigorous and punctilious recital and explanation of an American phenomenon. Just now, as Napoleon would have put it, five or six millennia, if not all of them, are looking at Hitler's gasoline. If this suggests that expository materials intrude—nothing to the idea. Seldom has a larger pill been better coated with good rich drama.

Mr. Lenham once suffered from a slight preciosity of style and there are still echoic tricks in "Thunder in the Earth"—all of his ladies affect the same wiggles and the same parade rests of parts of them—but it is a big book and, if one may be permitted a small lapse, it is a very, very, big book.

Corley . . .

THE WORLD AND RICHARD. By Pauline Corley. New York: Random House. 1941. 324 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

EVERY so often some little child must suffer in the interest of sentimental fiction. There was "The Little Lame Price" and "The Bird's Christmas Carol" and various others. The latest of these sad little waifs is Richard Averill Bradley and the saddest of all is he. In the first place, he is a foundling cast off by unknown parents and secondly his mercilessly described physical handicaps are augmented by a neurosis which baffles both loving friends and scientists—until the end of the story.

Anne Parrish

The novel opens in the usual romantic vein with Helen Bradley marrying young Richard Averill and great promise for future happiness. Richard's best friend is in love with Helen too which suggests coming plot complications although the entire trio is much too high-minded to indulge in any triangular activities. But almost at once the story changes its mind. The young husband dies; a posthumous child is born and dies at once; Helen takes up nursing in a children's home and adopts a crippled little boy who has such a weak clutch on life that it seems impossible for him to survive more than a chapter. We are asked to believe that at an incredibly early age he is aware of his own inferiority, from which awareness develops his nervous compulsion which keeps him from ever speaking to anyone save his foster mother. The body of the book is taken up with the daily life of Helen and Richard and little gains towards extroversion which are won, Richard's interest in flowers and later his work with colored chalks.

Sometimes the story is moving for a few pages but most of it is too blatantly sentimental to affect the reader with anything more than embarrassment. For finale Richard finds a little girl who more afflicted than himself, which would seem almost impossible, and in his eagerness to help her he forgets himself and begins to chatter to all and sundry. His neurosis is cured and we are left to surmise that he will be able to succeed in life despite his physical condition.

Parrish . . .

PRAY FOR A TOMORROW. By Anne Parrish. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

TO the mind of the modern reader this book is a strange experience. There is a medieval quality about it which is not merely a matter of style and presentation but rather the expression of a peculiar philosophical concept that is a striking contrast to our realistic way of thought. The initial event, starting off the trend that leads into the region of religious reverie, defying space and time, is laid in our day. It seems that an old German refugee, sad, lonely and discouraged, came to a small fishing village at the English coast and lived there for a while, making friends with a young fisherman named Andrew. But after some time the rumor spread that he was a spy, and when the police came young Andrew betrayed him. With the realization of his deed dawning upon him the boy suffers as he has never suffered before—until an incarnation of Saint Peter leads him to the road of redemption.

What follows then is pure symbolic abstraction, a journey through the centuries in search for an explanation of the basic weakness of humanity. In a sense it is a religious analysis of the illness of all times, and whether one accepts it or not, one cannot help being fascinated by its poetic beauty and its rare flavor. It is doubtful, however, if as a novel it will have the effect the author wanted to create. The characters have no resemblance to people as we know them and do not seem to speak our language.

It is difficult to avoid the impression that the book has been written in a state of exaltation, and unless the reader is inclined to biblical symbolism, he will find it hard and confusing to follow the thread of the esoteric events. It may well be that by writing this book Miss Parrish found an individual solution of a philosophical problem.

But it is a solution which to the ordinary reader must seem as remote and unconsoling as the moral of a fairy-tale.

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Passage from a distinguished review of a distinguished book.

"Part of the greatness and unique quality of 'Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,' then, is its over-all failure as the 'work of art' it does not aim or presume to be and which from moment to moment it is . . . unparalleled intensity of much of the writing, the extraordinarily nightmarish and yet sacred sense of the *whole* . . . 'Let Us Now Praise Famous Men' will be spat upon — and years hence read . . . it is the combined fury and humility of the book that endows it with its special truth." — *Selden Rodman in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men

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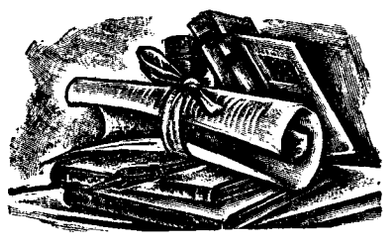
Supernaturabilia

THE OTHER WORLDS. Edited by Phil Stong. New York: Wilfred Funk. 1941. 466 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE phrase "ghost story" is loosely used to cover as many genres as "detective story," or as "the comics"—some of which would make angels weep. The fantastic story into which the ghost story has developed now includes not only the ghost story proper, whether terrifying or touching (two types which are at least as old as the Border Ballads), but at least two other main forms. One is the humorous or ironic fantasy, which follows the logical and literal consequences of a single fanciful hypothesis, and which may perhaps claim as its ancestor Grimm's Black-Pudding Story, or Midas's Golden Touch, or even, with its frequent moral that the powers of darkness do not play fair, the unexpected fulfilment of the prophecies in "Macbeth." And there is the metaphysical fantasy, which contracts a non-Euclidean universe where a single postulate is altered: if you could get back to ancient Rome, what would you do? if a man had a certain number of wishes, how would he use them? if travel were possible, what would follow? if you take seriously the concept of Satan and Hell, what are they like? Stories of this school appear chiefly in a group of magazines known as "pulps," from the uncoated paper on which they are printed; they contain among them some of the worst writing in America (for all pulps are not alike, any more than all newspapers) and they also contain writing that is genuinely imaginative, emotive, and interesting, to those of us who believe with William Blake that "Everything possible to be believed is an image of the truth."

When, therefore, you pick up an anthology of the supernatural and find that it draws almost entirely on the pulp magazines, your hopes should be high; and they will be even higher after reading the editor's preface, in which, with a broad and pleasant humor, he condemns the worst types, the worn-out werewolves and vampires, and "the green bloops in the interplanetary cowboy yarns." But if you are fairly well-read in the field, you will almost certainly miss your favorites; and as you read through the volume you will find that Mr. Stong is much too easily pleased, and that he often abandons his own expressed or implicit standards. In his preface he quite properly objects to the Superman type of hero who is all-powerful, since there can be suspense; yet, in "A God in a Garden," he gives us a hero who has the power of having every wish granted, even to affecting the past, and who does with it nothing worth mentioning. And if, among trite things to be avoided, along with vampires and werewolves, he did not list mad scientists, he certainly should have done so; but he gives us "The House Where Time Stood Still"; he gives us a stalely nasty story of a scientist who is mad and sadistic (in the proper sense). Again, in his preface, he insists on the value he sets on originality of idea or treatment; but too many of these stories have well-worn themes that are hardly redeemed by their treatment—"The Pipes of Pan" is Pan come down in the world; "Aunt Cassie" is the man who didn't know he was dead.



The great trouble with this collection is that Mr. Stong does not distinguish between an impossible hypothesis, in which any one may be asked to suspend his disbelief, and an impossible or trivial conclusion, which is simply an insult to the intelligence. The idea of time-travel is an intellectually respectable one, and the idea of going back to learn whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare is one that has humorous possibilities (which were excellently worked out about fifty years ago in a novel called "The Panchronicon"); but that (as happens here in "A Comedy of Eras") a Broadway tough should find that, slang and all, he *was* Lord Bacon—that is simply silly.

So the idea that the race will degenerate through comfort and over-intellectualism has been well treated by Stephen Leacock and E. M. Forster, who can make us believe in the future humans' derivative thoughts; but "Alas, All Thinking!" tries to give samples of the thought of the giant intellects, and in doing so writes down to the groundlings as crudely as Bacon talking slang.

There are better things, of course; notably a prep school story by Manly Wade Wellman, which touches a real nerve. But in general, though I shall go on telling my friends that they ought to read the pulps—some of them —I shall not lend them this to show them why.

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George III

AMERICA'S LAST KING. By Manfred S. Guttmacher, M.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 426 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IT is a curious reflection that had George III been a dullard like the first two Georges, or a blackguard, like the Fourth, the United States might still be a dominion of the British Crown. At least the embattled colonists would have had to find some other rallying cry than resistance to royal despotism. We all know, now, that George III was not the foolish, reckless tyrant our old school books used to describe. He was, instead, a highly moral man with an over-developed sense of duty and, though no intellectual giant, just enough intelligence and political shrewdness to capture, for a time, the leading role in British politics. It was his morbidly exaggerated conscientiousness which upset the balance of the British constitution, and his stubborn insistence on doing what he thought was his duty which prevented British politicians from saving that situation in America by some sort of compromise. Later on, it was this same sense of duty, Dr. Guttmacher thinks, which, when he was confronted by political problems he could not solve and would not ignore, brought on his repeated attacks of madness.

Although few Americans, any more, cherish the old prejudices about George III, we have lacked, hitherto, any really satisfactory interpretation of his character. The very abundance of the sources for one of the longest and most richly documented lives in history presents a formidable challenge to the biographer, and the mental aberrations of the subject present another. The ideal biographer of George III would have to be an expert in eighteenth-century history who was also an expert in mental diseases, a combination unreasonable to hope for. Dr. Guttmacher is that ideal biographer. His competence as a psychiatrist is attested by his position in the world of American medicine; his competence as a historian will not be doubted by anyone who reads a hundred pages of this book. He has read an enormous amount of source material, printed and in manuscript, criticized it acutely, and presented a deft selection of it with high literary skill. In the documents concerning George III's madness he has found "a clearer picture of the king's insanity than could be obtained for a patient today from the clinical records of a good

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modern mental hospital" and he has used the insights thus afforded him to light up some dark places in the political history of the reign. But this biography is much more than a useful medical footnote to English history; it is the solid, vividly painted portrait of a likable human being seen against the background of his times, the story of a little man struggling bravely to play a role too big for him, a story richly comic in some episodes, pathetic in others, and in the end deeply tragic. Dr. Guttmacher tells it with humor, and charm, and genuine sympathy, in a style whose learning, wit, and unforced urbanity are worthy of the best tradition of general literature by medical men. It comes as close, I think, to an understanding of the character of George III as we are ever likely to get. And it is an entirely fascinating book.

Garrett Mattingly, author of the recently published "Catherine of Aragon," is in the Departmnet of History of Long Island College.

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THE DEMOCRATIC FASHION

(*Continued from page* 4)

so long as he has the courage to come out and say "I believe in communism and this is what it means in my opinion." I do object to communists in the schools and colleges taking their pay from a capitalist society, demanding practically life tenure of office and a pension (which very few business men have), yet in many instances using their positions for what they are worth toward the destruction of that same society. Moreover, when a man's work is not in the field of art but in that of political philosophy or propaganda, his background takes on an importance not possessed in the case of the artist.

I DO not deny that the Communist Party in the United States is a legal party; and I agree that any truly representative anthology of democracy should rightfully include that viewpoint. But that is something different from giving that viewpoint—or persons who have been associated with that viewpoint—an obvious and even annoying emphasis.

But even granting that there is not too strong a delegation in this book from the extreme Left, there is also the more relevant question as to whether names such as Mike Gold, Lillian Hellman, Dashiell Hammett, Albert Maltz, Erskine Caldwell, Leane Zugsmith, Clifford Odets, Genevieve Taggard, and Richard Wright are important enough to be represented, while writers such as Walter Lippmann, Max Lerner, Louis D. Brandeis, Allan Nevins, Marquis James, Walter Millis, Reinhold Niebuhr and others are excluded. True, we find, and properly so, the names of Stephen Vincent Benét, Henry Seidel Canby, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Sandburg, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Archibald MacLeish—but even here the excerpts chosen from their writings are not as representative either of the writers or of the subject, or as constructive, as they might be.

Another question of a somewhat different sort arises in connection with books like Mr. Smith's Anthology. The minds of some adult readers are about as immature as those of children. There is a great mass of quotations in this book which is as sound American democracy as it is possible to get. Then the immature reader finds Michael Gold, whom Smith describes, as I have quoted above, as "the most popular literary figure in the Communist movement," allotted one of the longest passages in the book—ten pages. Lincoln is given six. The inference may well be that he is a more important figure in democracy than the martyred President.

One wonders what Mr. Smith thinks democracy is. He does not tell us very much about that. It is true that he says in his Introduction that "democracy is a very simple principle, and those who speculate about its meaning are those not quite willing to accept it." This would seem to forbid discussion under penalty of being accused of not believing at all in democracy, but he goes on to tell us that it is the rule of the people. He adds that "the people's desire to rule has been simply a desire for greater opportunities to get more of the good things of life—food, shelter, leisure, education, security, pleasure. Occasionally their will has been deliberately thwarted; *usually* they have been misinformed as to what their will *should be* [italics mine] and how they should attempt to satisfy it." It will be noted that in the list of the good things of life nothing is said about duty fulfilled, freedom of speech or press or person or religion, and so on, which somehow have a place in American democracy at its best. We occasionally, in a note, get a side light, as when the editor declares that because Sam Adams in his day was called an "incendiary" and an "excitable demagogue" this tends to confirm Parrington's opinion "that he was probably the most thoroughgoing democrat of his generation."

But it is not necessary to analyze what may be Mr. Smith's idea of democracy, and it might be unfair to try to deduce it from the extracts he has used so liberally in the latter part of his volume. The point remains: is "the Democratic spirit" in the present and immediate future to be interpreted for the American people by those whom Mr. Smith himself designates as communists and anarchists, or by those who have some understanding of American democracy in the days before leading "liberal journals" and parlor pinks (now rapidly running to cover as proponents of "democracy") began to tell us of the material and social and intellectual glories of dictatorships and the annihilation of the bourgeosie and the intelligentsia? I would welcome both an anthology of American democracy and aspiration as well as another of the most extreme radical thought, but should they be bound up together like the Old and the New Testaments in the Bible, and given to the public as "The Democratic Spirit"?

I propound this question with full knowledge that Professor Charles A.

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Beard has called this volume a "classic," and that Dorothy Canfield Fisher has said that if she had the money she would put it on the shelves of every library in the United States. I believe in freedom and justice. I lent my name and did what I could to gain freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti, and I am still proud of it. But I do not believe in the present tendency to take all the other nine digits out of the achievement of democracy, leaving only the ciphers, and suggesting it is bankrupt, nor of turning to Russia to be told what the Democratic Spirit is.

A VERY considerable portion of the latter part of this book is taken up with displaying the faults of any human society, even to a short play about a boy and girl who did not have enough money to marry when they wanted to. A pecuniary impediment to early marriage is somehow apparently taken as a sample of what happens only in a democracy, as are many other things in this section. There is little or no emphasis on what American democracy is trying to accomplish, and how far-reaching that accomplishment has been as contrasted with any other nation in history. Let us study the shadows but in doing so let us not forget that we would not discern shadows were there not some light to cast them, and the brightest light the common man has yet found—in spite of all—has been that cast by the old Americanism. It may also be said that one of the best ways to undermine a system is to repeat and repeat all its faults and to avoid mentioning its benefits. We may note that even if "one-third" of the people were "ill-housed" and so on, by American standards—the highest in the world—the inference is that two-thirds of 130,000,000 were *well-housed* and so on, which is a stupendous achievement unattained as yet outside of democracies.

Again, why should we suddenly be asked to accept as the spokesmen of democracy a good many people who for years, on their record, have opposed the very spirit of that democracy, instead, for example, of such voices as those of Woodrow Wilson in his moving First Inaugural, or selections from Justice Brandeis, or, the greatest of our liberals since the World War, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes? Surely, they spoke with a more authentic American note on the Democratic Spirit than men who signed defenses of Stalin's judicial murders in the Trotsky case or opposed the attempt of John Dewey to reach the truth about them. If we have dropped from the stature of the men in the earlier part of this volume to many of those who are quoted as leaders in

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Mabel Seeley's THE Chuckling Fingers

September CRIME CLUB *Selection*

the latter part, then we *are* in a bad way.

We *have* lacked leadership, and it may be that we have reached the point predicted by Le Bon nearly a half century ago, when he said that the divine right of the masses was replacing the divine right of kings as something that merely could not be argued about. Perhaps, but the spirit of Stalinism, of communism, or anarchism, is not the spirit of American Democracy, and if it is to be considered so, I would rather be realistic and admit democracy's failure than to swallow something wholly different and be made to say it was the same thing. If an American Stalin wants to have me put against the wall as a member of the independent intellectual or bourgeois class and shot at dawn, all right, but he need not make me gag first by assuring me that the incident is merely a new development of the ideals of American democracy and a footnote to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

James Truslow Adams, editor of the "Dictionary of American History," is at present working on a new interpretation of America.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HERE'S BLOOD IN YOUR EYE *Manning Long* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Blackmailer killed at N. Y. artists' party. Two luckless ladies also exit violently. D. A.'s Investigator and skittish model handle situation.	Capably constructed yarn, with an attractive narrator-heroine, a long-suffering sleuth, exciting situations, and numerous totally unprincipled characters.	Lurid and lively
OUTLAW *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rhinehart: $2.)	Jim Chapman, back in Missouri from the Civil War, finds life intolerable under Federal tyrants, and embarks on life of crime.	Desperate deeds in troubled West of late '60's and '70's portrayed at full gallop. Slightly dime-novelish, but popping with action.	Not a dull moment
THE SMILING CORPSE *Hilea Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Crippled crime investigator deputizes daughter to masquerade as missing niece of Ill. undertaker. She uncovers double murder in sinister Funeral Home.	Unusual background of story keeps hair on end throughout. Apt characterizations, grisly details, and deft detecting job hold interest to end.	Spine-tingler
RETURN TO THE SCENE *Q. Patrick* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Fascinating but wicked Bermuda bridegroom slain on eve of ceremony. His cousin also perishes. Old flame of 1st murderee solves case.	Dexterous shifting of suspicion from one character to another keeps suspense at concert pitch to conclusion—and a slight let-down.	High voltage
I DON'T SCARE EASY *Bernard Dougall* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Dipsomaniacal radio idol keels over poisoned as sensational broadcast begins. Air-star Oliver March helps Manhattan cops solve case.	Realistic background, snappy patter, and colorful people, but expert eye-brows may lift at some details of plot.	Average
I AM SAXON ASHE *Anonymous* (Alliance: $2.)	Eve-of-war spy tale describing adventures of famous European clown in search of twin brother imprisoned by Nazis.	Ambidextrous, protean, and fearless Bibobi ranges through Reich in numerous disguises and stirs up thrills wherever he goes.	Exciting
IN THE BALANCE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Attempts on life of English heiress, and murder of girl resembling her puzzle Scotland Yard—but not Miss Maud Silver.	Better as romantic-thriller than detective story. Identity of persistent villain never much in doubt, but suspense and emotions surge satisfactorily.	Entertaining
RATTLE HIS BONES *Julian Shore* (Morrow: $2.)	Private detective in Western city finds himself acutely involved in hammer-murder he knows nothing about. He squirms out admirably.	Rapid-fire dialogue and action, with sleuth and D.A.'s office at continuously diverting loggerheads. Shrewdly built plot and good characterizations.	Streamlined

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TRADE WINDS

BOOK BABBLE: Continuing a running preview of the new books, with a comment added here and there. . . . A good word for Little, Brown for its statement on the Senate sub-committee investigating "propaganda in the moving picture industry." Pointing out that three of the motion pictures under discussion were adapted from novels issued under its imprint, Little, Brown declared that "if these books had any influence in helping America's part in the world struggle against Hitler and fascism, the publishers are pleased and proud."

★ ★

☞*Idle Thought:* How about this same committee investigating the new Carl Van Doren "Secret History of the American Revolution?" . . . Many Happy Returns to *The Yale Review* on reaching its 30th Anniversary this month . . . "Change of Season," by Helene Magaret, is the only book of verse on the Farrar & Rinehart list this season . . . Arthur Koestler, who created quite a sensation with "Darkness at Noon," is now a private in the British Army. His new book, due on September 30, is "Scum of the Earth" —it deals with the collapse of France.

★ ★

☞Forty years and forty-six books—that's the record of Joseph C. Lincoln, and so Coward-McCann is throwing a testimonial luncheon for the Cape Cod author at the Copley Plaza in Boston, September 30th . . . Charles Driscoll, the old pirate man, is coming out with "Pirates Ahoy" sometime next month . . . Leo C. Rosten's "Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers" will make history when it rolls off the Harcourt, Brace line in November . . . The job is said to be the most complete history of the industry available . . . We suppose you know, though, that the Rosten fellow is also the "H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" creator . . . Do you want to know how to identify an areoplane? . . . Well, get "Aircraft Spotter" and get the genuine low-down . . . It's due in November with more than one hundred military planes identified . . . As supplement to your newspaper reading on the Eastern front, "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia" by Maurice Hindus will help you to understand what is really going on in an area from which news is so heavily censored . . . Hindus knows his stuff.

★ ★

☞Billy the Kid rides again . . . "Pistols for Hire" by Nelson Nye has taken this tough hombre and given him the factual treatment . . . Tucson gents and the author are going to do a radio quiz program in celebration . . . The early Scribner list looks impressive . . . There is "Memories of Opera" by Giulio Gatti-Casazza . . . Hamilton Basso's "Wine of the Country," a novel that takes in New England and the South Carolina low country . . . also, "American Authors and Books, 1640-1940," a handbook of factual information from the *National Police Gazette* to the *Saturday Review.*

★ ★

☞One of the unusual biographies of the Fall is "Torch and Crucible," dealing with the life of Antoine Lavoisier and published by Princeton University Press . . . Mid-November will provide poetry lovers with the sixth annual collection of "Advance-Guard," writing published by New Directions . . . When the snows come and the flames leap cheerily in the hearth, pull down "Reading I've Liked" and have yourself a swell time . . . This Clifton Fadiman-edited job will satisfy every kind of reader . . . There are plays of Shakespeare and "The Mother Goose Rhymes."

★ ★

☞*SRL* readers will be pleased to learn that Fred Russey, the Lippincott salesman who has been suffering from amnesia, has been found and is resting quietly . . . Lippincott says that Mr. Russey will be back on the job in a few weeks . . . "Big Family," the Partridge book now out, is going to beat "Country Lawyer" in total sales . . . Reserve Oct. 28th. William L. Shirer, Margaret Leech, and Jan Valtin will speak at the first Book and Author Luncheon of the season.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 391)

GALSWORTHY:
THE WHITE MONKEY

One must not worry. How easily said! . . . Across and across the copper floor he strode in vague rebellious agony. Why should birth be like this? . . . Something born at such a cost should matter. One must see to that. . . . He stood listening terribly.

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Denis de Rougemont

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Barbara Mayo

No Man Alone Now
Maxwell Geismar

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A. Whitney Griswold

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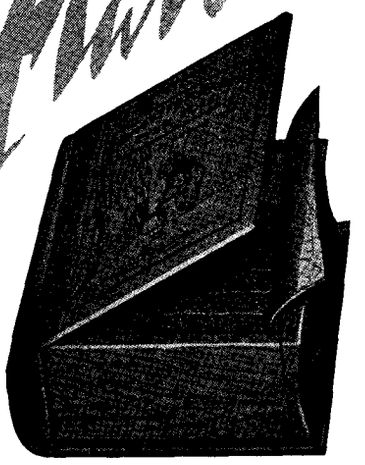

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DIOGENES, I think I understand. Go ahead. Pygmalion.

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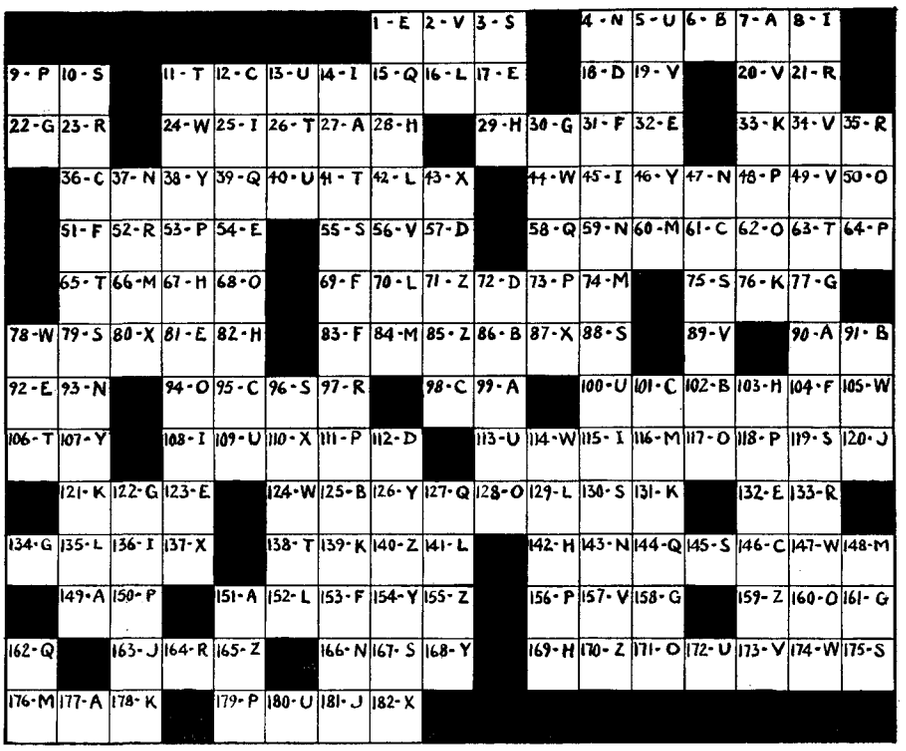
Double-Crostics: No. 392

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Flighty.

B. Completely tired (slang; 2 wds.)

C. Author of "Chrestomathia" (1816).

D. Won by Hercules in archery contest.

E. Small choice piece of lean meat.

F. Evil spirit possessing a man (Jewish folklore).

G. Made over or surrendered by deed (law).

H. N. E. authors, father and daughter (19th century).

I. Inevitable result.

J. First man (Norse).

K. Official signature of former Sultans of Turkey.

L. She was saved by Hercules from a sea monster.

M. Character in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

N. Rubens's native city.

O. Achieve one's object (slang; 2 wds.)

P. On the same footing; evenly (phrase).

Q. Painter whose favorite model was Lady Hamilton.

R. Inactive or static condition.

S. Opera by Mozart.

T. Collects one's vital forces.

U. Left behind by change of fashion.

V. Book of Odes, one of the five Confucian classics.

W. Artful, intriguing.

X. Take into stomach for digestion.

Y. Natives of Upper Nile region.

Z. Be disappointed, outdone (slang; 2 wds.)

WORDS

27	149	7	90	177	151	99							
6	102	125	86	91									
36	101	146	61	95	12	98							
18	72	112	57										
54	92	81	17	32	1	132	123						
104	153	83	69	51	31								
122	77	22	30	134	161	158							
169	29	82	103	67	28	142							
14	25	136	8	108	45	115							
163	181	120											
33	139	131	76	178	121								
152	70	16	129	135	42	141							
116	176	74	60	84	66	148							
59	166	143	93	47	37	4							
128	50	94	171	160	62	117	68						
9	48	156	179	111	150	53	118	73	64				
144	39	58	127	15	162								
35	21	97	164	133	52	23							
119	167	88	3	10	96	130	75	79	175	55	145		
63	26	65	138	41	106	11							
180	113	109	100	172	13	5	40						
19	2	89	34	49	56	20	157	173					
44	124	24	174	78	105	114	147						
110	87	43	137	80	182								
154	126	46	38	168	107								
85	155	140	170	165	71	159							

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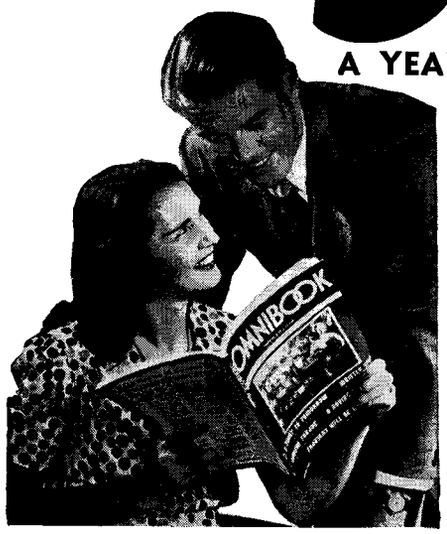

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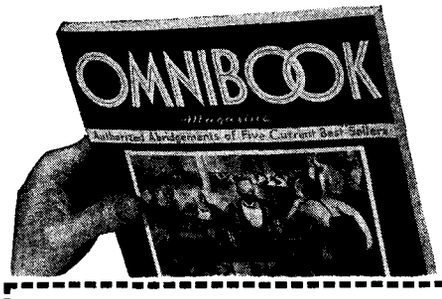

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